

12 APR 1968

Book Marks

## Oh CIA Can You See

FOIAb3b

CPYRGHT



By TOM DONNELLY

"GREAT TRUE SPY STORIES": edited by Allen Dulles (Giniger: Harper & Row). There are a few feeble items in this collection, and some perfunctory accounts that aren't what you could call thrilling reading, but by and large this is a first-rate effort. There are contributions by Flora Lewis, Dame Rebecca West, Alan Moorehead, Barbara W. Tuchman, Hanson W. Baldwin and numerous other experts, most of them paying tribute to spies who have changed the course of battle, or even the course of history, without necessarily doing anything wildly exciting, and to spies who have conducted themselves in ways that are heroic or daring. (Mr. Dulles says a "great spy" must fit into one group or the other.)

Mr. Dulles has written prefaces for the various stories. These commentaries by the former CIA director are brief (sometimes just a dozen lines or so) but they're certainly meaty. In discussing the case of Jack Dunlap, "the playboy sergeant," Mr. Dulles observes that a spy doesn't have to penetrate the highest level of an establishment in order to get high-level information.

Sgt. Jack E. Dunlap was a messenger in the National Security Agency, "the most secret of all official bureaucracies." In the early 60's Dunlap earned a pile of money by photographing secret U. S. documents for the Soviets. He committed suicide rather than face an official inquiry, but Mr. Dulles says even if Dunlap had lived long enough to be interrogated about his treasonable activities it is highly unlikely that he could have so much as identified the documents he copied, "much less describe their contents." Low-level spies don't read the stuff they steal, and even if they had any reason to read it they probably wouldn't understand it.

Dunlap, who lived in Glen Burnie, Md., drove a late-model Cadillac to work; he had two of them. He also acquired a cabin cruiser, a world's championship racing boat, a Jaguar, and a mistress. Nobody at NSA considered it odd that this \$100-per-week messenger could afford a Cadillac, and his sudden affluence aroused no suspicion among his neighbors. He told some people he had inherited a big plantation in Louisiana, and others were informed that he owned land where a "precious mineral powder, valuable in cosmetics," had been discovered.

The "playboy sergeant" was undone when he tried to leave the Army while retaining his job as an NSA civilian. He was required to take a couple of lie detec-

tor tests, he flunked them, and after awhile NSA got to thinking maybe there was something here that ought to be looked into.

Some of these "great true spy stories" suggest that the writers of espionage fiction often mirror reality. For example, the case of a hired assassin who used a gun containing liquid poison to knock over targets selected for him by the Soviets; he defected because his bosses forbade him to marry the West German girl he loved. (She was "far below him socially," the Reds told him.) The story contributed by Dame Rebecca West tells of a Soviet agent who was delivered by his superiors into the hands of the British police "in order to divert attention from another, more important agent." Mr. Dulles says this procedure is definitely unusual.

CPYRGHT